Vol. II. Numb. 17.

THE OBSERVATOR.

Fighting the French *in* Flanders. *Of the Diſpute between the* Dutch *Convoy and* French *Men of War. Of the Inſolence of the* Papiſts *in* Ireland *as well as* England. *Of the Follies of* Jacobites *in Eſpouſing a* French *Intereſt. Of the Danger we are in from thoſe imbred Enemies.*

From Wednesday June the 2d, to Saturday June the 5th, 1703.

I Hope you have brought us ſome News from *London*: We have had nothing conſiderable from you a long Time.

Country-m. I cannot get one Fighting-Story *n Flanders* for my Life: The News-Papers us that the two Armies are often near one ther, and that they look as if they would t, but nothing comes of it. This is pure ather to Fight in.

bſ. You ſee the Duke of *Marlborough* does he can to bring the Enemy to an Engage- nt, but ſtill they March off, and Entrench mſelves. I hope you would not have us Fight Diſadvantage.

ountry-m. Look ye, Mr. *Obſervator*, if I am ight a Man; ſuppoſe he gives me a Box on Ear, or a Bumſquat at firſt, what does that ifie? I ſhall come in with him at laſt, and his Carcaſe confoundedly: I would not d upon Ceremonies. Were I General of an ny, I'll tell you what I would do; I would *ch up directly* to the Enemy; if they ſtood I would give them one good Volley of , and then to Club-Musket: I would try ch had the hardeſt Heads, *Engliſhmen*, or *ch Slaves*: If they march'd off, I would fol- them Day after Day, till they came to the ſide, and then they could March no farther. ſo I ſerve my Horſe; he Runs away too, but ch him at Hedge or Stile.

bſ. You'd make a fine General: But if you w'd the Enemy at the Rate you ſpeak of; Marching before you, would Eat up all Victuals, and your Men would Mutiny for t of Bread and Cheeſe.

ountry-m. I forgot that: I believe my rage would fail me, if i were kept from and *Pudding* for a Fortnight; I am ſure d it right enough at the *Coffee-Houſe*; I went afterwards and Drank ſome *Devils-* I think its an Outlandiſh Liquor, call'd *y-Ale.* I believe the *Papiſts* and *Treaſon-* *ers* Drink it; for it frights all good *Eng-* Notions out of ones Head: But I am ſure e *Coffee-Houſe* a Gentleman made it ap- , as plain as a *Cats-Foot*, that we might Fought the *French* ſome where or other, e had been willing.

bſ. Aye, Aye; You mean *Graydon* might Faught the *French* Squadron coming from *Weſt-Indies*; but the poor man was pin- 'd with an Order. Prithee Drink no more y, twill Spoil all thy Politicks.

ountry-m. Now you mention *Graydon*, it gs into my mind a brave *Fighting-Story* at I muſt give you to underſtand that the *Dutch* Lords of their Admiralty, do *always* give their Commanders order to Fight the Enemy *wherever they meet them*, and if they dont Fight, they are Tuck'd up as ſoon as they come home. It ſo happ'ned that there were five *Dutch* Men of War at *Lisbon*, and they ſet Sail from thence with 100 *Engliſh* and *Dutch* Merchant Ships under their Convoy Bound for the *Engliſh* Channel. In their way homewards they met with five Swinging *French* Men of War, I can't tell how much bigger than themſelves; and I muſt farther inform you, that the *French* King alſo gives his Men Order to Fight; So theſe two Squadrons having both the ſame Orders, they fell to Fighting as if the Devil had been in 'em all. They Fought three days out right: Theſe were Long-winded Fellows, that did not value their Skins; and yet perhaps they won't Bounce ſo much of this Action, as I have known a Captain of a Fourth-Rate, Hector, after he had taken a *French* Snaw on our Coaſt, which was a down-right *Welſh-Man* of War, Equipt with two Leathern Guns, and a Handſpike. But I'll aſſure you the *Dutch* ſpent their Powder and Shot, and their Ships too, if they are Loſt, to a very good purpoſe; for while they were Fighting, the Merchant Ships made the beſt of their way back again, and got all ſafe into *Lisbon.*

Obſ. This Story may be True, but it ſeems very improbable. I know there was at *Lisbon* a large Fleet of Merchants Ships, Homeward-Bound; but whence could theſe five *French* Men of War come? If the *French* Breed Men of War on the Sea, as the *Scots* do *Soland* Geeſe, we ſhall never make an end of the War. They muſt either come out of the Air, or out of the Sea; for I don't ſee how they could come out of any of their Ports. Admiral *Beaumont* lies before *Dunkirk*, and if any of the *Water-Hags*, which, they ſay, the *French* Commanders carry about 'em had render'd thoſe Ships Inviſible at *Dunkirk*, I hop'd the Witchery would have been over before they reach'd the *Downs*, they would have been ſeen there; but if they paſs'd the *Downs*, Sir *Cloudeſly Shovel* lies at *Spithead*, or St. *Hellens* with the Fleet, and every Body knows his Eyes are ſo clear, and his Judgment ſo perſpicuous, that no Witchery can Obnubitate his Sight, or Underſtanding.

They could not come out of *Breſt*; for Sir *George Rook* lay before that place, with Ships enough to Fight all the Men of War the *French* have on this ſide *Uſhant*; and every Body knows Sir *George* is a Perſon of known Courage and Conduct at Sea. Five large Ships of

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War can't well get ont of *Breſt* whilſt our Men of War are in *Camaret-Bay*. Prithee, Honeſt *Country-man*, get me a more particular Account of this Buſineſs; for the Action wonderfully Shocks my Belief. ——— What more News.

Country-m. Here's an odd Story from *Dublin* in the *Flying-Poſt*. I find there is e'en ſuch a Mixture in *Ireland* as in *England*. The Letter ſays, The Guns were Fired round the Caſtle, the Bells Rung, and we had Bonfires, for the taking of *Bon*; and it was Obſervable that the *Papiſts* made very great Rejoycings for the Conjunction of the *Bavarians* and *French*. This News has made 'em very Inſolent, and to talk Extravagantly *&c.* Are not we come to a fine paſs, when the *Papiſts* ſhall Huff the Queens Goverment in all her Dominions? Come Maſter *Obſervator*, tis time for us to look about us.

Obſ. Truly, Honeſt *Country-man*, I never knew the *Papiſts* ſo inſolent in all my Life, as at this very Juncture; they have ſome other *Hopes*, and ſome other *Means*, than we think of. Well may they be Inſolent in Her Majeſties Kingdom of *Ireland*, when they are ſo Bold at *London* as to keep *Publick-Houſes*, and to Plot and Cabal againſt the Government; for that is their Deſign in coming over. A Foreign Jeſuite is allowed by his Superiours, to Exerciſe no other Trade in *England*: But I hope there will ſoon be a ſtop put to the Inſolence of the *Papiſts* in *Ireland*. The Duke of *Ormond*, the Lord Lieutenant of that Kingdom, is a Perſon that has not the leaſt Affection for the *Roman* Religion; and as he has ventured his Life ſo often Abroad for the good and Welfare of theſe Kingdoms, I make no Queſtion but in that High Station he will Act for the Good and Proſperity of her Majeſties Realms and People.

Country-m. It's the ſtrangeſt thing to me in the whole World, that we ſuffer theſe Cut-Throat *Papiſts* amongſt us unmoleſted, when they are daily Butchering our *Proteſtant* Brethren beyond the Seas, and eſpecially ſince we know they come over to make way for 'em to Uſe us after the ſame manner. Here's a fine Story from *France*, That *Montrevel* having Seized about 500 New Converts, and as many Women and Children at *Niſmes*, and other Places, and ſent them Priſoners to *Montpelier*, the Throats of all the Men were Cut in Priſon; and the Women and Children being put on Board ſome Veſſels, under pretence of being ſent Slaves to *America*, were no ſooner out at Sea, but were all thrown Over-Board, and Drown'd. I proteſt, Mr. *Obſervator*, my Fleſh Trembles to tell you this Story; I am not for Murdering Men, but I am ſure if we do not put the Laws in Execution againſt the *Papiſts*, we may in Time become New Converts our ſelves, and have our Throats Cut, and be Drown'd like our Brethren in *France*.

Obſ. I can't tell how many People in *England* have made their Peace with *Perkin* at St. *Germains*, and his *Popiſh* Cut-Throat Crew; yet I remember ſtill they are new Converts, and liable to have their Throats Cut as well as yours and mine, if ever *Popery* returns to *England*: Their Wives and their Child may be ſent Drowned to the *Weſt-Indies*, as as thoſe of the New Converts in *France*; the *Papiſts* reconcile Men to their Church ly to make them fit for the Slaughter-Ho and when they have once got them in a Mind they ſend them to Heaven, as they leaſt they ſhould alter their Opinion.

Methinks the Barbarous Cruelties the *Tyrant* exerciſes towards our *Proteſtant* Bret in *France*, of which ſcarce a *Poſt* eſcapes giving Notice, ſhould Create in *Engliſhmen* an horrence of their Cruelties, and put us upon Guard; ſince we have ſo many *Papiſts* of come from *France* on Purpoſe to put us u the ſame Preſſures. Will not our Children after Ages be bound to Curſe the Memor their Parents, who ſuffer'd the Wild-Boa *Rome* to break thro' the Fences of our L and thereby entail'd *Popery* and *Slavery* on Poſterity? Are we ſo kind as not to Exe the Laws on Foreign *Papiſts*, and yet a ſame time Proſecute with the utmoſt Vi our Criminal Natives? Have we not had tyrs enough already; and do we want Red *Letters* in our Calendar? Do we carry a Vigorous War againſt *France* Abroad, are we affraid to puniſh the Emiſſaries of at Home? Have we leſs Reaſon to be carefu our *Church* and *State* in this Reign, than in mer Ages? Are our ſins leſs than thoſe of Fore-Fathers; that we leave our Safety to Care of Providence, without uſing the preſcrib'd us by the Laws of God, and Realm, for the Security of our *Freedom* and *ligion*? We find the *Papiſts* retain the Sanguinary Principles, they exerciſe the Barbarities; they murder *Proteſtants* with ſame Zeal, and their Deſigns upon *Eng* are the ſame as ever. I pray God we are Hardned in our Sins, and blind to our Deſtruction.

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